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The Bystander

Laid Over Germany

This egg should by rights and the regulations of the Board of Trade be marked foreign. Its actual port of origin, in fact, was Heligoland; for it was laid by the rather self-satisfied-looking carrier-pigeon during a patrol of the Bight by American-built Lockheed Hudsons of the R.A.F. Coastal Command. The air gunner in the picture, who discovered pigeon and egg after his machine had made a safe return from its dangerous excursion, is a member of a squadron containing Dominion as well as British pilots which has covered nearly a million miles in the course of 7500 flying hours since the outbreak of war

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE French collapse was not unforeseen, but nevertheless it was a grievous and heavy blow. I think the fact which made it so grievous and so heavy was that it was dealt by Marshal Pétain and General Weygand. When M. Reynaud's Cabinet fell and it was announced that those two great soldiers had taken command of the destiny of France, one instinctively thought that they had done so because the civilians had lost their nerve, and that the soldiers were going to continue the battle. As it turned out, the exact opposite was the case.

THE French Army fought superbly, although the French High Command proved to be as miserably incompetent as the High Command in the days of Marshals Bazaine and MacMahon in 1870. As is always the case, and as always has been the case, the French regimental soldier was magnificent, but he had too much against him. He had against him the defeatist politicians of the past. He had against him the fatal theory that the Maginot Line was impregnable, and that therefore defensive warfare was undefeatable. And he had against him the colossal weight of the total war. It is small wonder that he had to give in. But there is no excuse, no shadow of excuse, for the sudden surrender of the French Government.

AS I write these words, I do not know what notice Marshal Pétain gave to Mr. Churchill of his impending surrender. I do not know whether he gave any more hours than ex-King Leopold gave to General Blanchard in Flanders. But I do not think that he gave Mr. Churchill very much time in which to re-orientate his entire plans. After all, it is no small thing to pour tens of thousands of men into Normandy and Brittany and then to find almost within an hour that your Ally has deserted you, and that those tens of thousands of men have got to be brought out again. However, that is a matter for history. There is no time for that now.

THE Italians have started the war in a superbly characteristic style. I have no doubt that they have some nasty surprises for us up their sleeves. I have no doubt that the Italian bombing fleet is at this very moment concentrating in Northern France for the devastating onslaught on this country. But all the same, their opening has been typical. In the first skirmish in Libya, two officers and sixty men were captured by our troops while they were sound asleep. In the second skirmish, seven tanks, three guns, some hundreds of men, and a General and his wife were captured. The General's wife was about to have a baby, and she is now being cared for in the hospital at Alexandria.

IF you feel worried and depressed and alarmed about the situation of Great Britain, there is one infallible tonic. You should go and get hold of one of the soldiers from Dunkirk, and within five minutes you will realise why it is that the British Empire can never be defeated. I once heard an American describe our national poet as "that bald-headed gink," and perhaps he was right. But all the same the old gaffer wrote—

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's Day."

THE rationing of petrol is a perfect example of the bureaucratic mind. The petrol ration was fixed last September at a time when, as we all know, the war was going to be won in a very few months by the economic blockade. That point of view has now been changed in a rather drastic manner, and with a hundred Italian submarines around the place, and enemy bombers within a quarter of an hour of London, we may be faced with a rather drastic blockade. But the petrol ration remains the same, and Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Minister of Petroleum, takes a very easy, gentlemanly, pre-Churchill view of the war. He was asked in the House of Commons whether the use of petrol in joy-riding and in going to race-meetings was an abuse of a vital import. His reply was so stupendously stupid as to be almost epic. "It is not abuse," he said, "to use the limited amount of petrol allowed in the basic ration for purposes of reasonable recreation. But it is abuse to use petrol on a supplementary allowance for purposes for which it is not given." Reasonable recreation, my foot!

AMID all the countless tragedies which are taking place every minute of every day, it may seem silly to pick

(Concluded on page 376)

War Office Welcome

A salute from D'Arcy, War Office commissionaire, greeted Lieut.-General H. R. Pownall, D.S.O., M.C., as he arrived to take up the newly created post of Inspector-General of the Local Defence Volunteers. Now that the situation and the temper of the British people has taken on the complexion outlined a hundred years ago by Mr. Ginger (see opposite page), the L.D.V. are an important factor in the war. The man who commands them is a gunner, has been Director of Military Operations and Intelligence, and was through the Battle of Flanders as Chief of Staff to Lord Gort

Parliamentary Welcome

The House of Commons policeman had another new Member to shake hands with when Alderman Charles Key took his seat last Wednesday. He was introduced by Sir Charles Edwards, joint Chief Whip, and Mr. Groves, M.P. for Stratford, the constituency next door to his own. Alderman Key has succeeded the late George Lansbury as Labour Member for Bow and Bromley, is leader of the Poplar Borough Council. He beat his Communist opponent, Mrs. Isabel Brown, by 11,594 votes to 506, thereby causing her to lose her third by-election deposit of £150

Mr. Ginger's Advice to Mr. Sensible

You Are Only Doing the Things Your Great-Great-Grandfathers Were Exhorted to Do in 1803

The original of the poster reproduced here, by permission of its owner, Mr. Bertram Rota, is offered for sale at Bodley House, Vigo Street, W.1. Photographic reproductions can also be had at the same address

Fellow Citizens,

BONAPARTE threatens to invade us: He promises to enrich his soldiers with our property: To glut their lust with our Wives and Daughters: To incite his Hell-hounds to execute his vengeance he has *sworn* to permit every thing. Shall we merit, by our cowardice, the titles of sordid Shopkeepers, Cowardly Scum, and Dastardly Wretches, which in every proclamation he gives us: No; we will loudly give him *the lie*: let us make ourselves ready to shut our Shops and march to give him the reception his malicious calumnies deserve: Let every brave young fellow instantly join the *Army* or *Navy*; and those among us, who, from being married, or so occupied in business, cannot, let us join some Volunteer Corps, where we may learn the use of arms and yet attend our business; let us encourage recruiting in our neighbourhood, and loudly silence the tongues of those whom Ignorance or Defection (if any such there be) lead them to doubt of the attempt to invade, or inveigh against the measures taken to resist it. — By doing this, and feeling confidence in ourselves, we shall probably prevent the attempt, or, if favoured by a dark night, the enemy should reach our shores, — our Unanimity and Strength will paralize his efforts, and render him an easy prey to our brave *Army*. Let *us*, in o.r families and neighbourhood, thus contribute to so desirable an event, and the *blood-stained banners of the vaunted Conquerors of Europe will soon be hung up in our Churches, the honourable Trophies of our brave Army:* — an Army ever Victorious when not doubled in numbers; and the only Army who can stand the charge of Bayonets. — What *Army* ever stood THEIRS!!! — *Let the welfare of our Country animate all — and "come the World in Arms against us, and we'll shock 'em!"*

A SHOPKEEPER.

Thee, Haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their Attempts to pull thee down
Shall but arouse thy gen'rous flame
To work their woe and thy renown. —

RULE BRITTANIA.

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"The Germans threaten to invade Great Britain. . . ." *Let every brave young fellow instantly join the Army or Navy: and those among us, who, from being married, or so occupied in business, cannot, let us join some Volunteer Corps, where we may learn the use of arms, and yet attend our business.* "Do not believe rumours and do not spread them. . . ." *Let us loudly silence the tongues of those whom Ignorance or Defection lead them to doubt of the attempt to invade, or inveigh against the measures taken to resist it.* "Think always of your country before you think of yourself. . . ." *Let the welfare of our Country animate all.* These alternated quotations (Mr. Ginger's in italics) from the Ministry of Information's instructions to civilians and the poster printed 137 years ago for a patriotic Piccadilly shopkeeper show how closely we have to follow in our great-great-grandfathers' footsteps, now that Hitler wishes to do what Napoleon could not. Mr. Ginger wrote his exhortation when Napoleon was waiting at Boulogne to invade England, when it was rumoured that he might even transport men, horses and guns across the Channel in a fleet of balloons—against which a kite barrage was prepared over here. The modern "Fencibles" on the left attend their business in a famous Berkshire "plum-and-apple" factory and learn the use of arms from military instructors for a period each day after lunch-hour

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 374)

Lady Warrender *arrived safely back from France with her mobile canteen for Polish troops which she took across the Channel early in May. During its period of active service the canteen went through innumerable air raids. Lady Warrender's husband has been Parliamentary Financial Secretary to the War Office since 1935*

Lady Broughton *who, like Lady Warrender, wears F.A.N.Y. uniform, was with her twenty-four-year-old son, Evelyn Broughton. He is a second lieutenant in the Irish Guards, in which regiment his father, Sir Delves Broughton, served in the last war*

out one particular name. But it gave me a little extra pang of sorrow at hearing that Alice Delysia was missing. She had flown across to France to fetch her old mother from Paris, and she has been engulfed. On how many dug-out walls in the last war did the photograph of Miss Delysia hang! How many gramophone records of her voice brought gaiety into officers' messes in shelters and ruined farms and holes in the ground! And how many of us, home on leave, used to rush straight off to whatever revue she was appearing in.

THE following is an authentic story for which I can vouch. A certain Ministry wanted the services of a professional writer to put a great deal of their official publications into order, in the simple and easy style which looks so simple and easy, but actually can only be done by a professional expert. This particular Ministry found a writer who instantly offered to do the whole thing on a full-time basis, free, gratis and for nothing. The Ministry was delighted, and reported their windfall to the Treasury. The Treasury replied frigidly that unpaid workers were a menace, because in a very short time they started insidiously demanding salaries. Very well, replied the Ministry, give our man a salary. Ah, said the Treasury, all you want is another salaried official. So while the enemy is at our doors, you have this incredible position that a Ministry wants an expert, that the expert is thirsting to put all his talents at the service of the nation, but that the Treasury will not allow him to work either for nothing or for a salary.

IT is almost inconceivable that even now this country should be so apathetic in many ways. The bombers have been dealing death over the Eastern and Southern counties, and yet there are thousands of people who carry on as if we were in no danger whatever. The signposts have been taken down, but in hundreds of villages there are still notices of parish meetings, post-offices, British Legion meetings, and so on, carrying the name of the village. There are people who still use petrol to go to greyhound races. There are people who still talk as if Mussolini was a great man. There are people who still have no idea what to do if they hear an air-raid warning.

I HAD an incredible example of public stupidity only a few days ago. I was sitting in a garden surrounded by roses and delphiniums, with nothing to show that there was a war on, except the perpetual roar of aeroplanes overhead, the presence of anti-aircraft guns on the common and the rattle of military lorries through the village street, and the voice of the B.B.C. announcer telling us how the German armoured columns were pouring down through Burgundy. A lady of charm and intelligence suddenly said that it was dreadful that the Germans had ordered their dogs to be killed. "If they order us to kill our dogs," she said, "there will be a revolution in England, and I personally would prefer to die rather than kill my dog." She had a child and she had a husband in the Army. Oh, well, what 's the good? Let 's leave it.

THEN again there are the wide, open spaces which would provide such perfect landing-grounds for troop-carrying 'planes. There have been appeals by the Authorities that such open spaces should be cut up by trenches to make landing impossible, but these requests have still been ignored in many parts. A few days ago I came back by train from Oxford to London, and on the way I passed a golf course. The only figure visible on the course was a groundsman, who was solemnly watering one of the fairways in the sunshine. Somehow it struck me as perhaps the stupidest thing that I have yet seen in this grim time.

AT last racing has been stopped. It is a belated decision which ought to have been made a long time ago. Night after night it was one of the most painful experiences for listeners to hear the racing results after the accounts of desperate battles and grim tragedies and unexampled heroism. The same thing, of course, applies to football results as well. These should have been suppressed by the B.B.C., even though the matches themselves were played and gave entertainment to workers.

W.V.S. *members helping with the evacuation of children at Bedford College were Lady Margaret Alexander, Lady Diana Tiarks, and Lady Jean Rankin. Lady Margaret Alexander, the Earl of Lucan's daughter, is the wife of Major-Gen. the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander. Lady Diana Tiarks is the Earl of Winchilsea's younger sister, was married in 1938. Lady Jean Rankin is married to Niall Rankin, and her father is the Earl of Stair*

Canada's New Governor-General Arrived Last Week

The Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice Countess of Athlone arrived in Canada a week ago, and two days later Lord Athlone was installed as Governor-General in the Senate Chamber at Ottawa. His post as the King's representative on Canadian soil has never been more important than it is to-day. Because Canada is the nearest in space of the Dominions, it is to her support as a maker and despatcher of armaments, her generosity as a refuge for our children, that Britain necessarily looks first. Already 10,000 young Britons are on their way across the Atlantic, first Canadian instalment of the 20,000 who were to leave last week for overseas. The Earl of Athlone, who is Queen Mary's brother, and his wife, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, have already done fine work for Empire friendship, during their seven years in South Africa. It is an odd fact that Lord Athlone was appointed Governor-General of Canada in 1914, and that although the war and his return to his regiment prevented his taking the post, the letters-patent appointing him were never annulled

Manderley, *Maxim de Winter's overpoweringly ancestral home in Cornwall, is suitably imposing and heavily staffed in Hitchcock's screen version of Daphne du Maurier's melodrama. Twenty-one servants line up to be timidly inspected by (and to inspect) the new Mrs. de Winter (Joan Fontaine), when she arrives with Maxim (Laurence Olivier). At their head is the sinister housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers (Judith Anderson), and behind the squire of Manderley stands the butler Frith (Edward Fielding)*

Fancy dress *for Mrs. de Winter to wear at the Manderley ball is provided by Mrs. Danvers, who conceals the fact that it is the one worn by Rebecca at the last ball before her death. Judith Anderson's part is played at the Queen's by Margaret Rutherford, Joan Fontaine's by Celia Johnson*

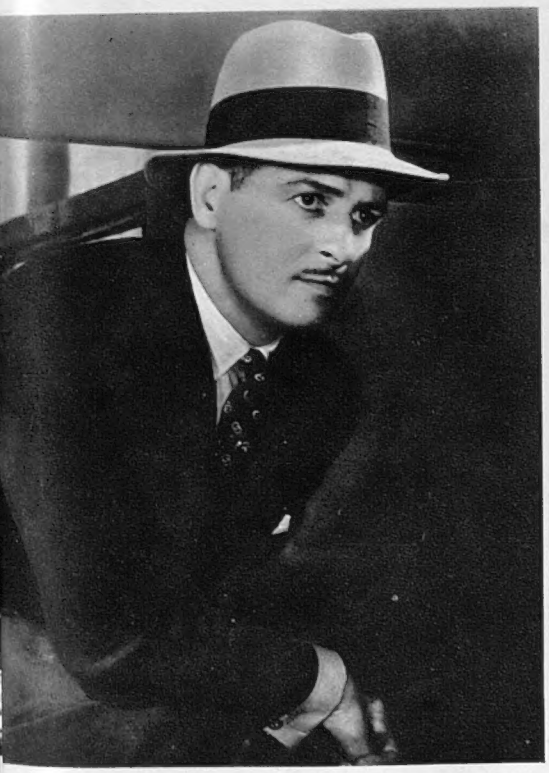
Heartiness *is the main characteristic of Giles Lacy (Nigel Bruce), brother-in-law of Maxim de Winter. He and his wife (played by Gladys Cooper) bring a breeze of uncomplicated county air into the hate-charged atmosphere of Manderley*

"Rebecca"

Best Seller — Stage Success — Now a Screen Record-Breaker

"Hitch," Alfred Hitchcock, one of the first British directors to make for himself an international reputation, has "done it again." His filming of *Rebecca*, already an outstanding success as a book, and now doing very good business as a play at the Queen's Theatre, has attracted New York to the extent of running a record number of weeks at the city's gigantic Radio City Music Hall. The film is coming to the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket, on June 28th. The cast, headed by Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine, includes Judith Anderson, one of America's leading dramatic actresses, who is Australian born, and who appeared at the Old Vic with Olivier in *Macbeth* in 1937, her first stage visit to London. Miss Anderson, incidentally, played Mary in *Family Portrait*, which is now touring over here with Fay Compton playing the part (see page 380)

Questioning *of Mrs. Danvers by Colonel Julyan, Chief Constable of Cornwall (C. Aubrey Smith), elicits the fact that Rebecca de Winter visited a doctor in London the day before her death. Beside Mrs. Danvers is Jack Favell, Rebecca's good-for-nothing cousin and lover (George Sanders), whose portrayal by Ronald Ward is one of the outstanding features of the stage version at the Queen's*



Agent *for the Manderley estate, Frank Crawley (Reginald Denny), is one of the less satisfactory characters, being in fact rather an instrument of the plot. In any case, he provides helpful advice and sympathy all round, and answers the telephone*

Loyalty *to her husband is fervently expressed by the second Mrs. de Winter in her determination that they shall fight to overcome the ghosts of the past, which can never affect her love for Maxim, even though he has confessed to the murder of Rebecca, his first wife. Owen Nares is playing Maxim at the Queen's*

Houston Rogers

"I Should Like Him To Be Remembered"

The last act of *Family Portrait* by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowen tells of the marriage, three years after Jesus' crucifixion, of His brother Judah. After confessing that Jesus was executed as a common criminal, his family find that Judah's wife's parents have never heard of Him, and Mary begs Judah to call his first-born Jesus, saying, as the curtain falls, "I should like Him to be remembered." The purpose of the play, which throughout handles its difficult theme with sincerity and reverence, is to show the character of Jesus as He was seen by His own family, none of whom, with the exception of His mother and to a lesser extent Judah, believed in Him. "There are lines in *Family Portrait*," wrote Robert Benchley, when the play was produced in New York last year with Judith Anderson as Mary, "which are so poignant in their commonplace quality that it is difficult to see how even a T. S. Eliot could have improved them." The play is at Manchester this week in the course of a tour, after which it is expected to come to London. Mary is played by Fay Compton and Judah by David Markham

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Present Arms" (Prince of Wales)

WHAT I admire most (and it's a pretty easy most) about this rough-and-ready musical show is the equality of opportunity provided for the gang of famous comedians engaged to keep the joke-pot boiling. Here is Billy Bennett up against George Gee up against Max Wall up against Wylie Watson up against Max Bacon. They appear to start equal, to keep level, and to end in a dead-heat, the jokes being distributed with such strict impartiality that I believe, if they were counted up, it would be found that each of the comedians had made exactly the same number, arousing thereby exactly the same volume of laughter. There came a time during the progress of the story (if there was a story) when I thought to amuse myself (since even critics must be amused) by keeping the score. Then I thought it might be more interesting to classify the jokes under the head of subjects rather than of comedians, discovering whether I was correct in my impression that quite seventy-five per cent. of them concerned underclothes. These were so important to the show that even the modern French peasants who appeared in the second part danced the can-can round the market-place, till the comedians all sneaked in, one by one, to visit Mlle. Babette, a vivacious French lady enacted by Phyllis Monkman, and then, an alarm having been raised, all rushed out together with next to nothing on.

THIS set me wondering why it should be that, whereas girls in déshabille on the stage provoke excitement, men in déshabille on the stage provoke only mirth. It is common knowledge that a comedian has but to expose his Boston garters to get a roar. And it may be imagined what scope is furnished by the bedroom scene in which all the comedians at the Prince of Wales get into the same bed. The one really funny scene in the piece, however, is that in which, having joined the Army, the comedians are drilled en masse. I don't believe the Crazy Gang itself could have brought this off better. Here Max Wall, who was my favourite all through, scored whenever his turn came round. I do like a comedian to have a little facial expression. It is not enough to let off wisecracks with a bald countenance expressive of nothing.

I WONDER what sort of notices *Present Arms* would have got if it had been produced before the war that has made dramatic critics, if nobody else, so lenient. I wonder what sort of notices it would get if it were revived after the war is over. But I don't wonder what sort of notices Evelyn Dall would get before, after, or during a war, for a young lady with her charm and technique must always be popular, and if she has variety into the bargain, which can't be judged from her opportunities in this show, she will go, as they say, far. And fare, let us hope, better.

Mademoiselle la France — 1914-1940 (Phyllis Monkman)

Sketches by Rouson

Entertaining the troops: Tom Carroway (Max Wall) and Peggy Brent (Evelyn Dall)

Inebriates — Pottle, Pickles and Penny (Wylie Watson, Billy Bennett, George Gee)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Well, if you've always lived here you must 'ave been born evacuated"

DEMANDING that the second verse of the National Anthem be now suitably reinstated, a *Times* correspondent seemed to us to ring the bell; not a great big clangorous doom-laden bell like the Bourdon of Notre Dame, perhaps, but a neat little silver bell of the kind which is rung at teatime in rectories. The second verse, in case you 've forgotten, runs:

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his Enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their Politicks,
Frustrate their Knavish Tricks,
On him our Hopes we fix,
God save us all.

The last line sounds to us a trifle dubious, a wee bit pessimistic, as if the anonymous poet (the Anthem comes from *Harmonia Anglicana*, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October 1745) had been looking at a few Parliamentary pans quite recently and had just come to. However, the sentiment of the rest of it is irreproachable and vigorous, as is also that of the more familiar third verse ("Thy choicest Gifts in Store," etc.), which we needn't quote. The fourth and final verse, which nobody knows, strikes a more plaintive note:

Lord grant that Marshal *Wade*
May by thy Mighty Aid
Victory bring;
May he Sedition hush,
And like a Torrent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush,
God save the King.

Then as now, it seems, the Island Race was terrified of the Scots and then, as now, prayed passionately for deliverance while simultaneously fawning and kissing their chains, for if we 're not damnably mistaken Lord Bute was master of England about this period. Certainly Bute was for Hanover; but if you think the verse above expresses solely terror of the Scottish Jacobites you are a cleaner, more blue-eyed Nordic dumb-bell than we took you for, and we shouldn't be a bit surprised if you know all the batting averages by heart.

Escapists

THAT M.P. who expressed the view in the House recently that Messrs. Auden and Isherwood (to begin with) should be hoicked back from their American refuge by the scruff of their necks has probably assessed the feeling of the country quite wrongly. When those charmers overseas, with other reddish Left Wing ornaments and Bloomsbury idols, and when Mr. Isherwood declared publicly, when safe across, that he would never, never return, it threw us personally into a high state of cosy glow, and we guess we weren't alone. And now—lo and look ye! As their poetic colleague Horace pertinently remarks, though Vengeance halt she seldom leaves the prey whose flying steps she hounds, and it seems clear that America may not be much of a refuge for those boys before long. Meanwhile, if King Leopold is to be deprived of his Garter, as some authorities predict, we certainly think Mr. Auden might return that King's Gold Medal for Poetry he got a couple of years ago. A chap at Heralds' College tells us it could be sent back through the post without infringing the rubrics, though a decent ceremony—such as having it publicly detached from the poet's bosom by the Poet Laureate, standing in a hollow square of Foot Guards, after which the poet's fountain-pen is formally broken across his knee by a sergeant-major amid the rolling of drums—would of course be better, if possible. A little job in the front line could then probably be found for all the returned prodigals of good health and military age.

So many better poets rushed to arms in 1914 and died for their country and their ideals that it seems rather futile to make a Star Chamber matter of this particular pair, as the M.P. seemed to desire. It would imply, almost, that they mattered.

"Like it? It's for the Braemar Games"

Consolation

SLOGGER A. G. Macdonell's insulting reference recently to our re-emergence as a military factor somewhat pusillanimously skated over the fact that the Government, which knows a man when it sees one, has already supplied us with uniform, to wit, a 6⅞ khaki cap, our size being 7, and an L.D.V. armlet entitling us, as that eminent lawyer Mr. Blake Odgers pointed out recently in *The Times*, to be shot by the enemy forthwith, when captured, as a franc-tireur. Little did we think some years ago, passing almost daily that impressive monument to the gallant Francs-Tirèurs of 1870 which stands opposite St. Ferdinand-des-Ternes, near the Bois, that we might one day pass out in such company, regretted by all. During the 1870 siege, apparently, the Boche got quite a basinful from our Parisian models. Gaitered, bandoliered, bearded and wearing a kind of Tyrolean hat, they made perpetual night-sorties and annoyed him extremely. (Alphonse Daudet was one of them, living—as he wrote by balloon post to Mistral in the South—on cat, camel, and hippopotamus from the Jardin des Plantes, frozen stiff with cold, and full of high spirits.) As to Mr. Blake Odgers's point, we doubt if it matters much in practice, since whatever the L.D.V. wear the Boche will probably treat us in the same brief, sufficient manner, Ribbentrop having already spoken sharply twice about the rude way people in Belgium and Holland have treated his parachute troops, often staring at them and obstructing them in their duty. One might, of course, as some light scribbler or other has suggested, go into action tied to some ornament of the Bar who could bring along books on

international law and precedents and argue this point; but what an expensive death!

Incidentally, if it is true that Hitler has combed all the prisons and penal settlements of Germany for the personnel of his parachute corps, he is recklessly depriving the Nazi Party of a valuable ally in the next German revolution. Students of history are well aware of that sinister enigma, the military discipline of the criminal underworld when released for duty, whether in Paris in 1793 or Madrid in 1937. This thought will certainly comfort us when lined up.

Chum

THE milch-goats of Malta now have a new article of diet, namely, Italian bomb-splinters, which, apart from providing them with a little "roughage," should agreeably balance their usual diet of tin cans, rope soles, old newspapers, cacti, and dust, and give their milk yet more of that distinctive bouquet. A chap who is feeding a few goats on the sweet, deep, rich, salty Downland grass of Sussex assures us that there 's nothing much to choose, so far as flavour goes, between the milk given by his pampered flock and the kind which gives you Malta fever. The reason, he thinks, is that goats are vassals of the Devil, the playmates of witches and warlocks, habitués of the Bloksberg, as any treatise on the black arts will affirm, and have leave of Baphomet to eat and digest anything they come across without affecting their milk-yield. Their Master, however, does not save them from boffs, whirrets, or kicks on the stern on being discovered in the act of devouring young fruit-trees or vegetable produce, and it is thought that these mishaps are considered merely occupational risks, amply compensated by the cynical pleasure of detecting young witches and exchanging with them the Black Sign. If after this you see a red mouse pop out of some laughing sweetheart's mouth (says this chap) you may be pretty sure she is not the Old Heathfield girl she claims to be, and you ought to tell the Fowlers not to bring her over again next Sunday.

Apart from this, and also the fact that a flock of goats invariably looks like teatime at the Athenæum, these hairy ones are cheap to support and highly valuable from the milk-production standpoint. Goats'-milk cheese, nutritious and vile, is easy to make, and could never be worse than they make it in (say) Aragon or Andorra. Why everybody who lives in a cottage doesn't keep one goat at least in these days we can't conceive, except that the annual Walpurgisnacht romp upsets people (though Heaven knows it 's nothing worse than a Bloomsbury party), and they don't like witches and sorcerers flying round the eaves. The remedy for this, as every intelligent citizen knows, is a silver bullet, a far simpler method than bringing an action in the courts, as a British citizen recently did against a witch who gave him the Evil Eye. As goats don't care what happens to their playmates, and will even take pleasure in butting them in the pants when brought down, you needn't ever worry about grief affecting the milk supply.

Rap

WHETHER Mr. Duff Cooper, speaking with justifiable scorn and anger, was wise to drag up the corpse of Caporetto and hurl it at the Italians over the radio seems a matter for debate. Granted that a sudden wild panic swept the Italian army like a prairie fire and it ran like hares—the influence of Red propaganda should not be entirely ignored, according to some authorities—the taunting reminder is likely only to stiffen the spirit of the much more efficient Italian troops of 1940, in our unfortunate view. Probably Mr. Eric Dunstan, who was at Caporetto, was right when he reminded *Star* readers that Italians are quite capable of valour while their tails are up, and that their picked men, the Alpini and the Bersaglieri, are as good fighters as any in Europe; it is misfortune which saps Italian morale, the national temperament tending that way. The heirs of the Cæsars have many fine qualities, but as warriors they are not built to take a succession of shocks, especially when only half their hearts are in the business, as now. To exploit that weakness strongly and swiftly is more to the point, dwelling on the past (God help us, we 're talking like a leader-writer), and apropos panic — what a mystic fearful soul-destroying thing it is, and how deep are its roots! Whenever, in days of relative peace, we used to read of a Wall Street or Stock Exchange "panic" it made us laugh like billy-ho to think that the word derives from goat-footed Pan, the hairy terror sweeping through dark Greek forests, and connecting the worries of fat business men with the wild stampedes of primeval nymphs and satyrs afforded us gentle amusement. But in war it is no joke, and it can destroy the boldest.

Crowd-psychology is a curious and alarming business, as demagogues know. As a mild example of its workings, consider those Fourth Form platform jokes which never fail to send a packed assembly into ecstasies of mirth. If you took each unit of that crowd aside and told him the same joke privately he would probably yawn in your face. We experimented once with an M.P. after a dinner-party by sitting on our hat, the classic old British Parliamentary jest. He laughed only moderately, whereas if it had happened in a full House he would have rolled off the bench. This shows, among other things, the seamy side (so to speak) of the Team Spirit, of which—as we never tire of reminding the cliché-mongers—the case of the Gadarene swine still remains the classic example. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

Films of the Day

Hollywood Sees the Seamy Side

By George Campbell

GINGER ROGERS dressed like a boy, a slovenly, quite unstagy boy, with a shapeless outsize coat and a cloth cap stuck on anyhow and two pigtails and no make-up whatsoever—there 's an unusual sight for you. But then, *The Primrose Path* is a very unusual film. In its frankness, its acceptance of life and human nature as it is, its mixture of misery and sordid realism with humour and beauty, it smacks of the French, even though the idiom is wholly American. One can see the story of Ellie May Adams as an adaptation of something by Maupassant.

The setting is Primrose Hill, on the disreputable fringe of a Californian coastal town. Here live the Adams family, and a pretty crew they are. Ellie May's father (Miles Mander) is a scholar who has been meaning for twenty years to bring out a book of translations from the Greek—and would, too, if drinking were not so much more important. Every now and then he comes back with a crying jag and asks his good-natured wife (Marjorie Rambeau) awkward questions about where she gets her money from, and protests tearfully that he will not be shamed, and threatens to blow his brains out. The grandmother (Queenie Vassar) is an obscene old trollop who hates her scholarly ne'er-do-well of a son-in-law and listens with a leer to her daughter's gossip of assignations with middle-aged playboys in town. And as the last straw there is Honeybell, Ellie May's little sister, who is encouraged by her grandmother to ape the cocotte at ten, and recites a charming little piece the burden of which is that you shouldn't swat your mother on the floor, or bounce a frying-pan off her bean, because it 's kinda mean.

One day Ellie May meets the young Lothario of the combined filling-station and snack-bar (Joel McCrea), who is also a wisecracker of local reputation. Ellie May first subdues him in a bout of dialectic, and then bluffs him that, having left home for his sake, she will not be taken back by her Calvinistic family. He falls for it and marries her, and they live happily till Ellie May is induced to take him home to meet her people. In the best of families this is a risky venture. In Ellie May's case it is fatal. The young man finds out he has been tricked and takes a bad view of Ellie May, and scrapes her name off the stern of his new fishing-boat.

I won't tell you any more about the plot—I only told this much to convince you that *The Primrose Path* is not the ordinary boy-meets-girl movie—or how the young couple solve their problem, after much folly and suffering all round. I simply advise you to see it, for the writing, the brilliant direction of Gregory La Cava, and the acting of Miss Rogers, Mr. McCrea and the rest of a first-class cast.

Radio to Rodeo: Squaw Drew and Cowboy Benny

Wilder and woollier Western films are popular to-day, some taking their wildness pretty seriously, more guying the alleged roughness and toughness of the West. Such is "Buck Benny Rides Again," described as a "lyrical rodeo of riotous mirth." The stars are Jack Benny, one of America's most famous radio comedians, who has had something of a name for being no man for horses and the wide, open spaces, and Ellen Drew, decorative top-liner in Benny's radio act. The film, which came to the Plaza last week, is reviewed by George Campbell on this page

EQUALLY good, in a very different way, is the English thriller *Gaslight*. It is based, of course, on Patrick Hamilton's stage hit, and an uncommonly good job they have made of the adaptation. The play began with the sadistic husband subtly torturing his wife into the belief that she is mad. Only little by little did the audience discover his motive, and guess that she is married to a homicidal criminal.

The film opens with the crime. Often, I think, it is better to suggest rather than to show: as every child knows, it is what you do not see, rather than what you see, that has power to chill the marrow. But here the explicit method is justified; and I think the construction is improved again by the shortening of the climax, spun out in the play by the detective improbably going off to the police-station for a warrant, like a plumber going back for his tools, while the poor distraught wife was left in the empty house at the mercy of the murderer.

Anton Walbrook plays the husband with sinister distinction and implacable resolve; Diana Wynyard is lovely and touching as the wife driven to the very brink of madness; and Cathleen Cordell makes a promising debut as the unscrupulous little wanton of a housemaid. Frank Pettingell does well enough in the only part that seemed to me over-written, that of the detective; and Robert Newton makes a too brief appearance as the wife's country cousin.

IT is some time since I enjoyed a Wallace Beery picture. The parts he is asked to play, and the technique he brings to them—flopping hair, one eye closed and hand passed over the face preparatory to the projection of a jet of tobacco-juice at some distant object—have long since become monotonous. I have all the more pleasure in recommending *Arouse and Beware*, a first-rate adventure story of the American Civil War. The sergeant played by Mr. Beery is a bully, a glutton and a thief. He is also a genius as a scout, and thanks to his boasted knowledge of "everything that flies or crawls," the hero (John Howard) and the Russian girl they run into on their flight (Dolores del Rio) are able to penetrate the Confederate lines. A dozen times they are faced with discovery and death: as often they are saved by luck or the sergeant's infinite resource. Leslie Fenton, the Englishman who used to play gangsters and Chinese dope-fiends, has directed with great skill—note the suspense of the scene in the empty house; and Laurence Stallings, still remembered for *What Price Glory?*, has done a fine job of script-writing.

I CAN also recommend *Buck Benny Rides Again*, the gayest of satires on Wild West stuff. Mr. Benny, always willing to satirise himself, plays a fake who has built up a great reputation as a radio cowboy and unexpectedly has to live up to it. What with Mr. Benny leaping precipices and rounding up gunmen, and Rochester, his coloured valet, impressing a girl friend with Debussy, and battalions of glamour girls springing up from nowhere, and some agreeably witty dialogue throughout, a pleasant time is had by one and all.

Pictures of "The Primrose Path" and "Gaslight" appeared in last week's issue

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"If yer asks me, sergeant, one more battle around 'ere, and this road won't be worth mendin'"

Censorship *regulations demand nowadays that no broadcast can be extempore. Murrow must dictate his script to his secretary and submit it to the Ministry of Information*

Calling All States...

Columbia's European Director Broadcasts London's War News

Regularly twice, and in these hectic days of crisis, sometimes as often as seven times, a day, up to twenty-five million Americans tune-in to the commentaries on the news broadcast from London by Edward R. Murrow, European director of the Columbia Broadcasting System. And this means as often as not a twenty-hour working day for the man on whom the immense responsibility for collecting, weeding, sifting, compressing the mass of conflicting reports depends. Murrow, who is in his early thirties, came over here for the Coronation, and has held the strings in London, with branch offices in Paris and Geneva, ever since. War has, of course, increased both the complexity and the difficulties of his task. Now, before he can sit down to talk across the Atlantic from Broadcasting House, there is a mass of fact-finding and fact-checking to be done, with always the shadow of a possible last-minute vital change in the situation. And his talks must be dictated to his secretary, and the script passed by the censorship before they can go on the air, possibly a dangerous delay with scoops being born and dying in a matter of minutes. Murrow comes from North Carolina, and is married, his wife being one of the few American women remaining in London. Even at that she does not see very much of her busy husband these days

Pictorial Press

Tones of voice *are all-important when you are broadcasting, and Murrow, even when dictating only, puts in some shades of expression*

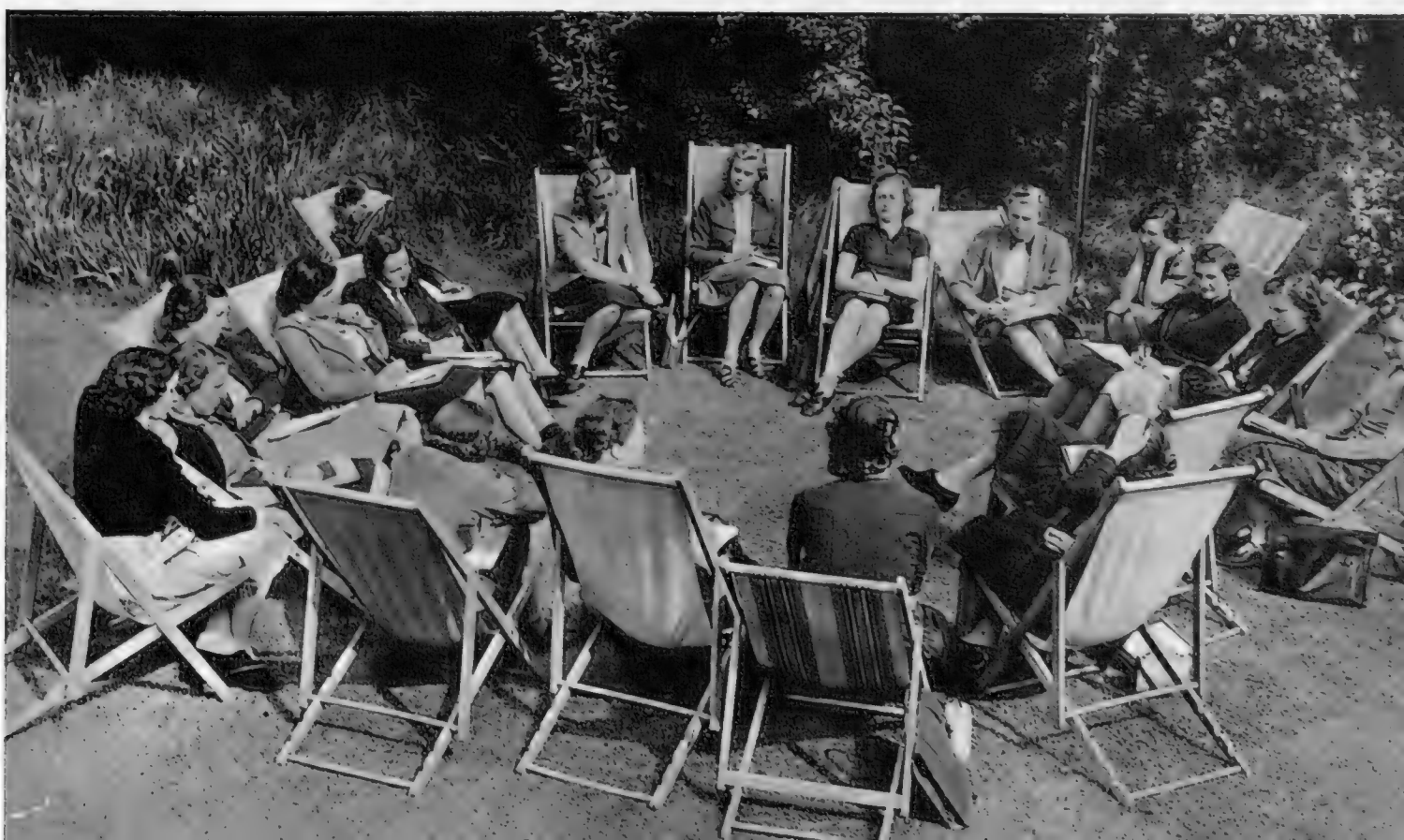
Economists to Cambridge

London School Takes Refuge by the Granta

The study of economics, which to the more conservative of Cantabs has always seemed rather an upstart in their cloistered academe, has been thrust to the forefront of Cambridge's activities since war brought about an invasion of the University by the London School of Economics and Political Science (L.S.E. for short), one of the departments of London University which were cleared out of the capital last September. Co-operation with the Cambridge authorities has had the effect of improving the facilities of both institutions, which now, to an extent, pool their lectures. In sport, too, they have joined hands, and the superiority of some Cambridge hearties over these corduroyed Bloomsbury intellectuals was given a jolt when a cosmopolitan L.S.E. eight scored a bump a day in the Lents, the March bumping races on the Cam. Accommodation of students and teachers provided a problem, though it was simplified by the lessening in the number of resident Cambridge undergraduates and consequent freeing of some college buildings, lecture-rooms and lodgings for the invaders. A solution as far as a headquarters for the school was concerned was achieved by the conversion of Grove Lodge, a large private house in Trumpington Street, where living-rooms are now common-rooms, bedrooms are lecture-rooms and studies, the kitchen is a snack-bar, and the bathroom a surgery. War has not materially affected the cosmopolitan character of the school's student body, which is gathered from all parts of the world, with an especial preponderance of Indians and others from the British Empire

Students *confer outside Grove Lodge, their temporary home. A. D. Veall, Hon. Sec. of the Students' Union, is on the right*

Class *in Social Science is held in the large garden of Grove Lodge. Women students, who form a high proportion of the school (and, of course, especially so since conscription and the war), have taken entire charge of this lecture, which is also being given by a woman (second from the right)*



Conference: *Mr. A. M. Carr-Saunders, Director of the School (right), presides at a committee-meeting to discuss its affairs. With him are W. J. Blyth Crotch and W. Adam*

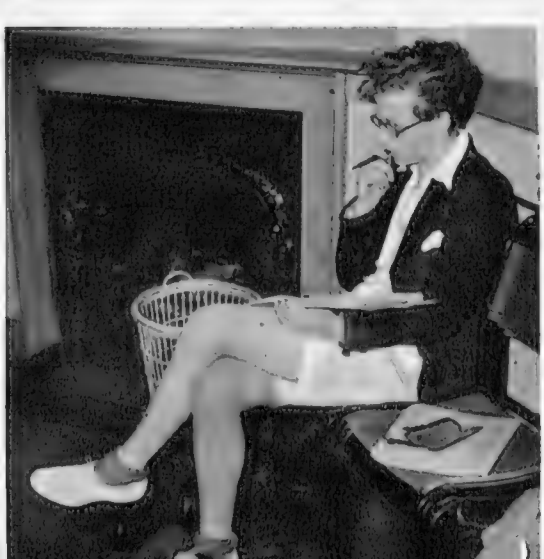
Economists to Cambridge (Continued)

Gowns of Cambridge undergraduates mingle with less traditionalised attire of L.S.E. students at a combined lecture on American economics by Lionel Robbins, Professor of Economics at London University and a former Fellow of New College, Oxford

Bermuda *is the home of W. N. H. Robinson, one of the L.S.E.'s Cambridge evacuees, who come from all parts of the world*

India *has many representatives among the L.S.E. students. A. F. A. Husain here concentrates on an open-air lecture at Grove Lodge. Beside him is G. P. Jeffries*

Informality *of the L.S.E. is typified in the working clothes of Mary Oxlin. "Reason in Politics" is the currently inappropriate title of the book on her desk*



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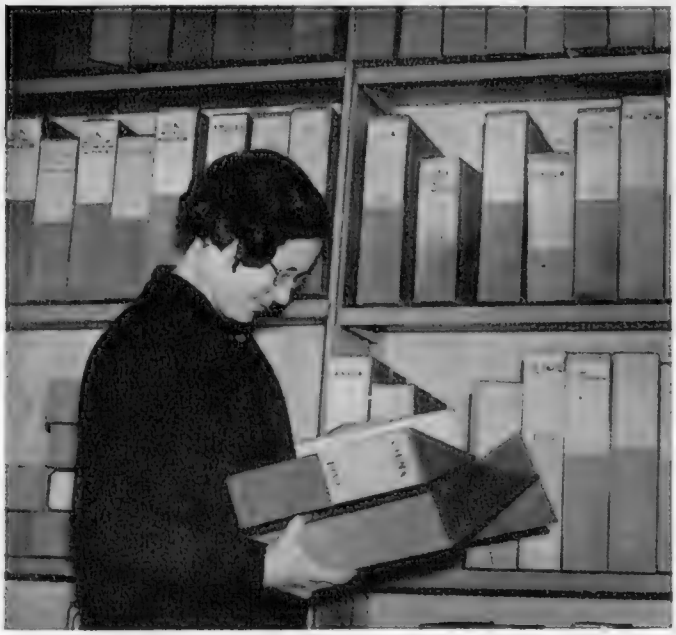
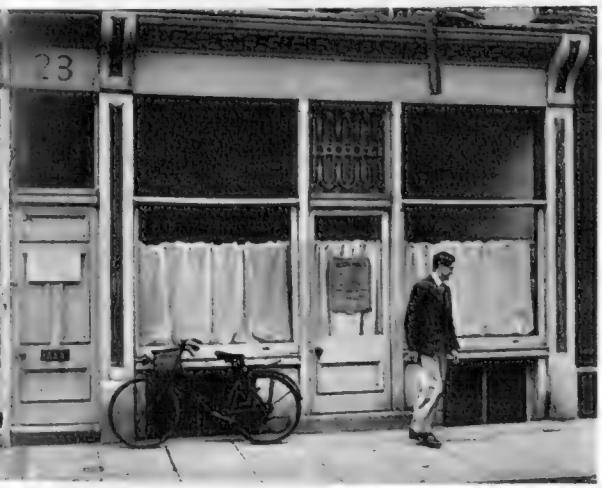
Publisher *Edward Hulton is one of the distinguished people who have been down to Cambridge to address the L.S.E. Students' Union, who naturally keep themselves very much au fait with world affairs. Beside him is Angus Scott-Fleming, the Union's President*



Files *for research work are vital, and the L.S.E. has taken with it a mass of information about the economics of every country and once-was-a-country in the world. Miss Grunberg, here delving into the morass of China's affairs, is Senior Research Assistant*

Leaders *of the L.S.E.'s sporting activities in Cambridge, where they have given the colleges some competition to think about, are Miss B. J. Waterson, President of the Students' Athletic Union, and J. D. P. Simond, its Vice-President*



Meat *for the dining-table used to be sold here. Now the research and publications department have turned it into a home of meat for the study desk*

ntionality *of dress which se many head-shakings lderly Cambridge dons L.S.E. students to save of changing into shorts cture time and playtime*

Eight *oarsmen from London who scored the maximum number of bumps against college crews in the Lent races include a Czech, a German refugee and a Hungarian*

Photographs by Pictorial Press

Anthony

Margaret Rutherford—

by Robert Helpmann

Robert Helpmann made his debut as an impersonator a week or two back when *Swinging the Gate* went on at the Ambassadors ; his friends already knew his witty, malicious mimicries. Herbert Farjeon ranked his imitations thus (*Bystander*, June 5th) : Isabel Jeans and Margaret Rawlings (see right), superb ; John Gielgud, fair ; Laurence Olivier, very good ; Margaret Rutherford, very good indeed. That Mr. Helpmann is a fine actor is appreciated by anyone who has seen him in such Vic-Wells ballet roles as the Red King in *Checkmate*, and *The Rake's Progress*. From these to his burlesque bridegroom in *A Wedding Bouquet*, his Oberon in the *Dream*, and his turn at the Ambassadors is an astonishing range of versatility

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Peggy Ashcroft—the New Miranda—at Home

Peggy Ashcroft is back in Shakespeare, and acting again with John Gielgud, with whom she has given some of her best performances of recent years. She took over Jessica Tandy's part in the Old Vic production of *The Tempest* last Tuesday, when Miss Tandy left for America to appear in the Cronin play, *Jupiter Laughs*. Peggy Ashcroft has played Miranda at the Vic before, during the 1932-3 season. This picture of her was taken at her Campden Hill Road home, into which she moved some years ago with her former husband, Theodore Komisarjevsky (at present running a theatrical school in New York). There she has now made her own peaceful attractive background for her stage career, with Joey her Corgi, her piano, her collection of books and old china

Midday dinner *for the children of evacuated Brockley Junior Mixed School is served at the Oxted Badminton Club, taken over by the Surrey Board of Education as an out-of-school occupational centre. Teachers here are Miss Robinson and Miss Churchill, acting headmistress*

Food values *are calculated in an out-of-doors "office" by Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Maxwell-Stephens, caterer and manager of the Oxted Badminton Club canteen. The former was caterer for the Merle Common Council school for two years; the latter has been W.V.S. secretary since last summer. Catering and management are so efficient at both canteens illustrated here that, charging 4d. for a two-course lunch, the canteens pay their way*

No. 12 in the "Bystander's" Round-the-Canteens Series

"Are You Being Served?"

W.V.S. Canteens for Evacuated Children in Surrey

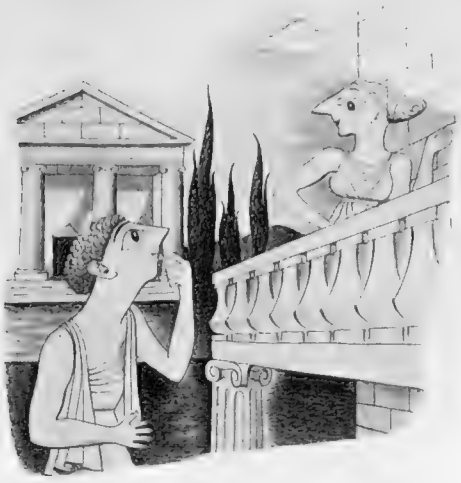
These two canteens, at Limpsfield and Leatherhead, are typical of many throughout the country which have been opened to solve the problem of midday meals for evacuated children. In some places, local children eat there too. The canteens are equipped and financed by local authorities, and run by the energetic and ubiquitous Women's Voluntary Services

At Leatherhead *the paid cook, Mrs. Lauerezzi, shows a crisp, sizzling batter pudding to the W.V.S. leaders, Miss Marjorie Marden and Mrs. William Field*

At Limpsfield *the W.V.S. representative is Mrs. Fairclough, whose husband is in the Colonial Office. With her is her secretary, Mrs. Easter, wife of the Surveyor to the Rural Council. Three of the kitchen staff here are evacuated mothers paid by the Surrey Board of Education*

Service *at both Leatherhead and Limpsfield is by voluntary workers who have to be very quick to cope with two dinners in an hour and around 130 children sitting down to each meal. These glass emptiers at Limpsfield are Mrs. Roberts, wife of the Oxted Badminton Club's secretary, and Miss Wren*

Children *from Norwood eat at the Leatherhead canteen, in a former Boy Scouts' hut. Serving is Miss Haskell, niece of Arnold Haskell, herself a dancer. At first none of these children would eat cheese, or fish unless fried. Now fish au gratin is a favourite dish*



"Bystander" Short Story

The Virtuous Matron of Athens

By Olga L. Rosmanith

Illustrations by Eric Fraser

ATTHIS, wife of Memnos, took a step of significance one swooning afternoon in mid-May. She called the handsome bachelor Periander of Athens, waking him from his siesta. "Come tarry awhile on my balcony, good Periander, and my slave shall prepare thee a highball tinkling with ice."

Periander was well-nigh shattered with amazement, but he was keenly interested. A woman of impregnable virtue was not his recipe for joie de vivre, but such an uncommon assignation was worth investigating. He accepted the invitation in the spirit of the collector whose passion is for the rare and the unique.

For notwithstanding her phenomenal wit and fabulous beauty, Atthis was a matron of good report. This was a period when many husbands were away at the wars and many others preoccupied with the vagaries of Wall Street. So the leisured young men of wealth who cultivated the art of engaging feminine affection without monotony had any number of elegant young matrons to choose from. But the reputation of Atthis was a sharp-toothed hound, and the young bloods of Athens kept away from it.

So who could blame Periander for his innocent curiosity? He cancelled his previous date with a harmless lie and hied him to the pink marble residence of the merchant Memnos.

Atthis lay on a scented couch in a sky-blue chiton of fine cambric girdled with silver. Periander noted that not even the wild fawn fleeing the arrow exhibited motion more mercurial than hers. His nostrils were assailed by the fragrance of quince-blossom the while she exchanged repartee which greatly exercised his mind. On leaving he asked if he might call again—a development he had not intended.

Memnos returned at midnight suitably apologetic. "I pray thee, good lady, have patience that I behave in this neglectful fashion. The bulls and bears pranced to-day in a mad manner, and some bales of merchandise from Egypt found their way into the wrong warehouse at the Piræus. Behold me. Do I look like a man who has been on a bender, or a poor wretch whose worries give him a headache?"

Atthis was sweetly understanding and not censorious. She bestowed on him a chaste kiss and shuddered at the contact of his beard. "I believe anything you say, dear, but if it were untrue, what of it? This treasured hair on your face which you rear so proudly and through which your features peer from ambush, do I harass you to remove it? Am I not a woman of liberal disposition who lives and lets her lord live?"

Memnos was instantly cured of his headache and began to eat heartily. Atthis waited on his supper like a queen who condescends for an experience to minister to a slave, and an hour passed very agreeably. She touched lightly on the visit of Periander and went on at once to tell him of more important affairs. He was in a yielding and co-operative mood when they went up to bed.

Atthis spoke casually after he had snuffed the lamp. "What would be the attitude of a broad-minded husband on the matter of his wife exercising her powers of discourse by entertaining gentlemen of wit at her dinner table in his absence, good Memnos?"

Memnos wrenched himself from the clutching arms of sleep. "I would say a man would be a churl not to countenance so profitable a pastime." He yawned prodigiously. "Periander, for instance, would be an ideal choice for one such evening. He has learning, culture, wit, sophistry. If you have

inclination for the practice of verbal thrust and parry, go to it. It 's quite okay with me."

Atthis called Periander in the morning. "It would greatly please my husband, good Periander, if you would impart to me the considerable lustre of your wit."

Periander at once disclaimed that his wit was in any wise superior to her own, but his ready acquiescence to a mutual study of the arts of discourse proved that his curiosity was still unsatisfied.

Atthis studied with diligence and soon convinced Periander that this was no trick to ensnare him with her charms, but a true intention to enhance her accomplishments. She had, however, an unlimited supply of precious ornaments, fashionable chitons and rare perfumes added to a pretty taste in wearing them, so he submitted without rebellion to this unnatural occupation for several weeks.

Till a night came when the lady herself gave him an unusual opportunity. She said, "Discourse to me, good Periander, on the curious psychology of a man. Is it not a dull hell for him to obtain his objective too easily?"

This was a strange coincidence, as Periander's thoughts were occupied with that very thing. He replied, "True. The resistance of a difficult woman adds the zest of the chase to the final surrender of love."

Atthis was obviously shocked. "You misunderstand me, Periander. I refer to nothing so intimate as the heart's profoundest emotion."

Periander left his couch and stood beside her, his engaging, shaven countenance for the nonce stern and uncompromising. "But resistance, like any good thing, can be carried to extreme, and six weeks is long enough."

Atthis sat bolt upright, her limpid eyes wide with horror. Periander added with force: "My intentions are properly dishonourable. You are a woman of ripe mind and rapier wit. Therefore you are aware of it. So come off it, Baby, and quit stalling."

It was an ideal night for this declaration. The air balmy, pungent with pines and salty with the breath of the Bay of Athens. A dim half-moon shed dim gold light on the soaring Acropolis across the water. Low stars clustered thickly in violet heavens. Periander lifted her hand as whitely fragile as the celandine. "What better hour for the learning of love," he murmured with lips against it.

Atthis snatched her hand away. "A ripe mind betokens a judgment unaffected by climatic conditions. A judicious wife does not abandon a spouse like Memnos, and furthermore, I am a good woman."

"I get you," said Periander. "But I seek not to disorganise your pleasant routine, but rather add a certain spice to it. For what is living without loving?"

Atthis was speechless. She rose from her couch and waved her hand in a gesture that the audience was over. Periander laughed disrespectfully, drew her to him in a strategic movement, and continued his argument with kisses. Atthis was too proud to struggle against superior might, and it would be compromising to summon the slaves. She

stood in Periander's arms as cold and moveless as a marble sculpture.

This was a challenge to Periander's powers, and he used all the talent at his command. The lady's blood quickened, her slim arms went round his neck, and she kissed him back with gratifying enthusiasm. Periander thought all was over but the assignation. Atthis disillusioned him.

"I merely tried this thing because I realised it is the duty of the student of human relations to examine everything relating thereto."

Periander lit a cigarette and drew deeply of the smoke to calm his nerves. "But that is not everything, Atthis. There are entrancing mysteries we can study together with profit without getting in the hair of a busy husband. At present your gifts are greater than your degree of sophistication."

Atthis did not answer immediately. She paced the flat roof on which they had dined, her flowing white chiton modelling her long limbs with the dashing grace of the winged victory. Periander watched quietly, content to let her feminine mind zigzag its way to its own conclusion.

Finally she paused before him. "You have a logical point of view, Periander—and you suggest an interesting line of research for us. But I must have time to think it over. A virtuous woman cannot embark on a new enterprise without the staff of a good conscience."

Atthis had little sleep that night. In the morning Memnos noted she looked troubled. He was in a hurry to depart for the office, but he paused to ask her what ailed her. "Merely an abstract question of ethics," she reassured him. "You could advise me with the wisdom of the sage Geracles, but I would not encroach upon your valuable time. The horses champ at the bit without, and it is too long a story."

Memnos was touched by her consideration. "Ha!" he shouted. "I have it! I will give you gold to consult with the sage Geracles. I will bid the charioteer hold the horses while you get ready and I will drop you on the way to the office."

Atthis kissed him warmly. "What a remarkable idea, my Lord! Where is there a husband in all Greece so ready for all emergencies? I will act upon your suggestion."

A great concourse of troubled people waited in the sage's ante-rooms, but Geracles had great respect for his friend Memnos, and he gave Atthis audience out of her turn.

"My lord Geracles," she said, "my husband says I can place unqualified reliance on your inspired advice. I therefore ask from the lips of wisdom pronouncement on the worth of a study of love."

The old man stroked his venerable beard and looked at her through eyes grown misty. "It is a vast subject," he demurred, "and I have but ten minutes to discourse with you. Can you not be more specific in your demands?"

"I will try. Love is the prime mover of the Universe, is it not, my lord?"

The young claim it is, my lady Atthis. And they know everything."

"Is love good for man, or does it injure him?"

"It is good for him," rejoined the sage. "There should be more of it."

"Then love cannot be a sin?"

"It is by no means a sin," said the good old man. "They who denounce it are themselves guilty of sin. But men and women deceive themselves mightily." He raised eyes and hands to the raftered roof. "What crimes are done in this fair city in the name of love."

Atthis brought him back to the point at issue. "Did not the Oracle of Delphi pronounce that desire is the right arbiter of conduct and inhibition is the grave of sanity?"

The sage wrinkled his old forehead. "That is only too true. But he has been anticipating Freud, Havelock Ellis and Kraft Ebbing. I doubt his wisdom in scattering such tough morsels to stomachs as yet unready to digest them."

"Then, my lord Geracles, honour me with your own opinion. Now is it better for a woman to drink of the elixir of youth, or is it better for her to end her days doing crossword puzzles in an asylum?"

Geracles looked at the sand running through the glass. He rose. "Anything is better than doing crossword puzzles, in or out of an asylum. I trust I have helped you, and now I must take leave of you."

Atthis rose also. "But one more thing, my lord. Is love an art and therefore worthy of study under adept tuition?"

Geracles paused with his hand on the door-latch. "It is the highest of the arts save that one which is the art of living, and of which it is otherwise a bright component part. It should be studied with reverence at the feet of a master."

Atthis was satisfied. "That now consolidates my thought-won opinion. Would you at any time, if called upon, be willing to confirm this to my husband?"

Geracles bowed her out. "What I have said is the distilled essence of my experience, and will remain the same if called upon, again and again and yet again."

Atthis was a woman of rare control, and she did not call her mentor with news of her decision till the morrow. She said, "I have taken advice, good Periander, and I find the course of study you suggest is but the noble effort of a woman to improve herself and therefore can be undertaken with a good conscience. Neither will it lead to trouble. There will be cocktails waiting on my balcony at the hour of sundown this very evening."

She spent the day experimenting with blends of perfume, trying on new chitons and having her slave minister to the alabaster fairness of her face. When Memnos arrived home unexpectedly early he was startled by the glowing beauty of his wife.

"What now, my lord?" she exclaimed in great amazement. "Has the business which supports this household walked out of the office doors and drowned itself in the sea?"

Memnos laughed heartily. There was not a line of worry in his face, and his eyes twinkled with rare good humour. "Not so. I have delegated many matters which devoured my time to a handful of hired subordinates. The good sage Geracles summoned me to an audience and advised me that the art of love began in a daily companionship without which a man could lose a wife. I argued that he was wrong, saying a wife of wit understood the claims of trade on a man's time, and a broad-minded man rested in faith. But he placed no faith in faith, saying wisdom was greater. So here I am, and I hope that it please you."

Atthis nestled in his embrace for a little while silent. Then she recovered herself. "It is indeed good, my lord Memnos, but the art of love begins in the art of pleasing a woman. And a young woman as I am cares not for the prickly visage of the philosopher, but for the shaven cheek of youth. So would it not be your pleasure, my lord, to go right now and remove your beard?"

THE END.

Out in the Open

Whether you are cycling for health, for pleasure, or because you no longer have the car, a divided skirt will be useful, especially now that the weather is rather too warm for slacks. Selfridges, Oxford Street, have the model above for 35/9, in a very practical silk-and-linen mixture, easy to launder, and crease-resisting. This one is grey, but they also have it in navy. Another attractive summer skirt is a corselet model in sheer linen, with hip-pockets and adjustable pinafore straps. You can wear this with a tailored sports shirt like the one above, or with a lighter blouse in pin-spotted voile

For days in the garden, for week-ends in the country, you will want washing frocks, and there is practically no material that washes better than gingham. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have an attractive collection of gingham frocks at a guinea each. They are designed with wide, swinging skirts balanced by full puffed sleeves, and the model on the left has a tailored waistcoat front. This one is striped, but there are others in checks and in four different colours: red, green, lilac, and china-blue. A good dress to buy before supplies are limited

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Burma Road

By V. S. Pritchett

"Woody and I lay sprawled in our bathing-suits . . . five miles over the ridge was Hong Kong. We felt fine." If they hadn't been "feeling fine," they would have been "feeling like hell": since Hemingway, no American writer seems to have known anything between these sensations. Turn back from the above first lines of Mr. Nicol Smith's *Burma Road* (Gollancz; 16*s*.) to the blurb. Not only is he feeling "fine," but he is "fabulous," "amazing" and has an "all-conquering smile." With this and a motor-car he travelled over many hundred miles of the secret, "hush-hush" military road which runs from Burma through the back door of China, somewhat to the south of the Peter Fleming trail; a road which appeared to annoy some of the French because it was stealing the arms traffic out of Cochin China. The "hush-hush" on this road is terrific. It amounts to a roar. It reminds one of that car which used to be driven about London at the beginning of the war, marked "Secret Service."

The other terrific thing on the Burma road is the rainfall. The highway vanishes. Not merely the surface, but the foundations and environs flow away in mud and landslide; but the coolies shovel it all back again and, once more, the astonished peasant listens to the munition lorries going on to Chiang Kai Shek. Mr. Nicol Smith is a good journalist. He listens to all the fables: "Well, don't be surprised any longer, my young friend," said the Customs man. "Your M. Renard was the head of the biggest opium ring in China. It was he who allowed his partners to be tortured, etc., etc." Mr. Nicol Smith was "my young friend" to a good many story-tellers. There was a Frenchman who was having an affair with a mermaid; there was a General who shot his guests during dinner and went on with the next course without having the guests cleared away; there was a Resident Officer (named, rather suitably, I thought, Blaguiere) who said, well, yes, one did come across peculiar things in the course of bearing the white man's burden. The branch of the Kachin tribe, for example, who push their elderly relatives off high bamboo platforms, and then eat them.

The most interesting things in the book are the serious ones. There is a visit to the tin mines of Kochiu. Kochiu is almost a forbidden city, a kind of industrial Lhasa, producing one-twelfth of the world's tin supply. An enormous proportion of the work is done by very young children, who are small enough to penetrate the very long, narrow tunnels. They emerge with skins like green silk and with glittering eyes, the result of arsenical poisoning. They live about ten months, and thousands die every year. There is an efficient police technique for preventing either adults or children from getting away from Kochiu; anticipating Dachau, it can be summed-up as "shot while trying to escape." Foreign investigators are, of course, welcomed by the authorities, who will show them everything, except the tin mines.

***Woman-power** in wartime was much discussed at the dinner of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Lady Listowel was one of the speakers; here she is with Phyllis Deakin, the Federation's secretary. Other speakers were Miss Gordon Holmes, the president, who is just back from America, Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., and Clemence Dane*

One's chief reaction to Mr. Basil Collier's title, *I Wore My Linen Trousers* (Dent; 15*s*.), is of course, one of relief. He took a mackintosh with him, too—in case anyone is interested. His book is about the towns of Provence, his love for the region and how he bickered with English girl-friends there. Can it be that he was not made for happiness? Since we cannot go to Provence nowadays, and none of it may be left when we can go again, one can pass the time quarrelling with Mr. Collier about what he has left out. For example, there is a passable potted biography of Cézanne, but he hardly mentions St. Remy, where Cézanne was eventually incarcerated, and in one of the most architecturally striking buildings of the region. Then Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer gets a line, but there is nothing about the great gypsy pilgrimage, for which the place is famous; Van Gogh is never mentioned at all, nor Gauguin. Still, we do hear that Mr. Collier and Goody did not see eye to eye. I am glad to see that he is respectful about La Ciotat and its harbour, and of course, he does all the big places properly; but apart from its excellent photographs, many by Miss Helen Kapp, this is a book which will only make us quarrel in our exile.

Mr. Richard Hughes and Miss Helen Simpson have anticipated a good deal of the subject and manner of Mr. Martin Boyd's *Nuns in Jeopardy* (Dent; 7*s*. 6*d*.). Mr. Boyd can turn out a tropical storm, a desert island and nun's dilemma with the piquancy of hors d'œuvres. One is soon made aware that the cargo shifts in the Princess of Teck, not only because of the malevolence of the storm, but because of a malignant dilettantism on the part of the Devil. Disguised under the always sinister name of Smith, the great Fallen Angel, has been unable to resist shipwrecking a party of nuns, in order to have the exquisite moral pleasure of watching them revert to nature. As a devil, Mr. Smith is rather donnish, and terribly confused in his own mind about the nature of good and evil—but *who is not*? He tempts the castaways by discovering their secret desires and fulfilling them. The fulfilment often makes moral but always destroys. Thus, one of the sailors who has been swindled by his father has sworn that he will discover the old man and avenge himself. Mr. (Lucifer) Smith obliges by producing the old man—in a temper, as usual—with destructive results all round. Mr. Boyd can manage a murder, a crocodile bite, an orgy or morning prayers, with the pictorial neatness of the impartial chef putting parsley round a dish. But his nuns are very much what is (I believe) called Canterbury lamb, and his sharks don't bite like Mr. Hughes's. The scene in the open boat is good, with Mrs. Dawes going mad because she had made her husband sacrifice his life for the sake of the portable altar; and there was something authentically English about that exclamation "Don't look!" when the Princess of Teck went down and the sharks at once appeared. Mr. Boyd is good at the chit-chat of calamity.

Mr. Victor Pohl's *Bushveld Adventures* (Faber; 8*s*. 6*d*.) is a book of most agreeable simplicity and much charm. It is an account of adventurous boyhood and youth in the South African veld, and evokes the enchantment of living in the husky wilds, with vigour and delicacy. A good deal of the book deals with hunting, the hunting of everything from wasps and snakes to leopards. The boys trained hawks, they crept up to the encampments of baboons, they dealt with natives running amok, they took constant council of the delightful native hunters. This is a childhood of another age, the lucky childhood of the boys' books one used to read come true.

Five Engagements

Catherine Bell

The Hon. Anne Boot

Anne Boot is the third of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Trent, of Lenton House, Notts., and Glenborrodale Castle, Argyllshire. Her engagement was announced in May to Captain John E. J. Davie, Derbyshire Yeomanry, younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Davie, and Mrs. Davie, of Stanton, Rowsley, Derbyshire

Pearl Freeman

Miss Dianna Tyrwhitt-Drake

Dianna Tyrwhitt-Drake's engagement to Sub-Lieut. Michael Blake, R.N., was announced three weeks ago. She is the eldest daughter of the late E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Shardeloes, Bucks., and Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Mop End, Fulmer, Bucks. He is the son of the late Com. Reginald Blake, R.N., and Lady Twysden, of 35, Prince's Court, S.W.3

Miss Stirling and Captain Ramsay

Captain the Hon. Simon Ramsay, Black Watch, is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Dalhousie. Margaret Stirling is the elder daughter of the late Brigadier-General Archibald Stirling of Keir, and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, and cousin of Lord Lovat. It was announced two weeks ago that they would be married shortly

Harlip

Miss Sheilagh Johnsen

Sheilagh Johnsen is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. O. C. W. Johnsen, of Gravetye Manor, East Grinstead, Sussex, and granddaughter of Sir Frank Bowater, former Lord Mayor of London. Her fiancé is Captain Peter Laurence Candler, R.A.M.C., the International Rugger player, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Candler, of Orchard House, Exeter

Harlip

Miss Bridget Greig

Bridget Greig is the elder daughter of Wing-Commander Sir Louis and Lady Greig, of Thatched House Lodge, Richmond, Surrey. She has announced her engagement to John Randal Armstrong-MacDonnell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Armstrong-MacDonnell, of Broomlands, Beattock, Dumfriesshire

Kensington's "Neighbourhood"

A New Theatre Club Opens

One of the most courageous and interesting of the efforts by stage folk to counter the wartime theatrical depression was the opening last week of the Neighbourhood Theatre Club in Harrington Road, South Kensington, with a performance of *Thunder Rock*, by Robert Ardrey, a play about the horrors of "civilisation" which made a deep impression when it was first performed by the Group Theatre in New York. The Neighbourhood is the brain child of John McCormick, playwright and former repertory theatre manager, and Ellen Compton, who was leading lady in one of his companies. The premises formerly housed the London Academy of Music and were for a time an A.F.S. station. Now they have been converted to provide a theatre modernly fitted up and lighted, a ballet theatre where Pauline Grant, former ballet mistress at the Players Theatre, is to produce original work and run a school, an art gallery and a club with bar, dance floor and restaurant. The theatre itself is under the charge of Herbert Marshall, who plans the formation of a permanent company to present out-of-the-way and uncommercial plays with occasional guest-artists and producers

Chairman *of the Neighbourhood Theatre, Ellen Compton looks on at the opening party. She is standing between her partner, South African-born John McCormick, whose leading lady she was when he was running a repertory company at Cheltenham before the war, and Jewish author Louis Golding*

Producer *of "Thunder Rock" and artistic director of the Neighbourhood, Herbert Marshall was trained in the U.S.S.R., where he worked under film-director Eisenstein, and was for a time at the Unity Theatre, where he produced Odets' "Waiting for Lefty." With him are film-star Michael Redgrave, who plays the lead in "Thunder Rock," and Tyrone Guthrie, director of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Actors *meet at the Neighbourhood's inaugural party. Bernard Miles has the part of Briggs in "Thunder Rock." Niall McGinnis was a tremendously effective Lennie in the London production of "Of Mice and Men," and Mrs. McGinnis is well known in the advertising world as Lee Allward*

Refugee *from the Nazis is Czech film-actor Karl Stepanek, who last winter broadcast some pretty pungent comments on the Third Reich to his compatriots. With him on the stairs at the Neighbourhood are producer Herbert Marshall and Wanda Rotha, who used to be Stepanek's wife*

Journalists *Streeter (Robert Sansom) and Charleston (Michael Redgrave) discuss in the first act of "Thunder Rock" their contrasting attitudes to the disillusionment produced by the contemporary monstrosity of Machtpolitik. Charleston chooses to bury himself in a lighthouse on Lake Michigan, while Streeter goes to join the Chinese Air Force*

Sailor *of the films—in fact, one of the "Sailors Three" in Walter Forde's Ealing production — is Michael Wilding, former Embankment threepence-a-time portraitist, who came along to the Neighbourhood opening with his wife, Kay Young, of the last Gate Revue*

Ghosts *of men and women who were wrecked on Thunder Rock in 1849 are conjured up by Charleston in his lonely lighthouse and help to determine him to go back to the world. Among them is Melanie, played by Fredda Brilliant, actress and sculptor, who met the producer, Herbert Marshall, in Moscow. Some of her bronzes are exhibited in the Neighbourhood's Art Gallery*

Manager *John McCormick inspects the transformation of the façade of the London Academy of Music in Harrington Road, South Kensington, into that of his Neighbourhood Theatre, which opened last week with "Thunder Rock"*

Ballet *is another activity of the Neighbourhood, although it is not planned to give performances there until the autumn. Pauline Grant, here seen directing a class at her Hornton Street studio, is director of the ballet school and has already given dance recitals in the theatre*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Selwyn — FitzGerald

Sub-Lieutenant Arthur Wakefield Selwyn, R.N.V.R., and Nesta Elizabeth FitzGerald, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice FitzGerald, of 11, Prince's Gate Court, S.W.7, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of the late A. P. Selwyn, and Mrs. McSwiney, of Haterley Hall, Cheltenham

Collis — Wynne Willson

Henry John Gurney Collis, of Pooles, Clifton College, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Collis, M.D., and Mrs. Collis, of Clent, Worcs., was married at All Saints', Sutton Courtney, to Elizabeth Mary Wynne Willson, daughter of the late Major L. F. Wynne Willson, and Mrs. Wynne Willson, of Bilton Grange, near Rugby

Rawlins — Irby

Darsie Rawlins, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rawlins, of King's Lane, Great Missenden, Bucks., was married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy to Rachel Irby, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Greville Irby, of Manor Fields, Putney Heath, and great-niece of Lord Boston

Pirie — Tarbat

Capt. Halyburton Berkeley Pirie, R.A., and Joyce Elaine Tarbat, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tarbat, of Murrayfield, West Ferry, Dundee, were married at Dundee Cathedral. The bridegroom, who was in the Flanders battle, is the son of David Pirie, of West House, St. Andrews, and the late Mrs. Pirie

Hambro — Raverat

Edvard Hambro, eldest son of Dr. J. C. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Parliament, and Mrs. Hambro, and Elisabeth Raverat, elder daughter of the late Jacques Raverat, and Mrs. Raverat, of Harlton, near Cambridge, were married at Harlton

Pinney — Segrave

Major Bernard Pinney, R.A., eldest son of Major-General Sir Reginald and Lady Pinney, of Racedown, Bridport, Dorset, and Rosemary Segrave, only daughter of the late Vice-Admiral J. R. Segrave, and Mrs. Segrave, of 40, Albert Court, S.W.7, were married at Brompton Oratory

Pratt — Spong

Lieut. Roger Francis Pratt, Royal Engineers, and Jill Spong, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. A. Spong, of Bell House, Sutton Benger, Chippenham, Wilts., were married at the parish church, Sutton Benger. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. R. E. Pratt, of Windlesham, Surrey

Woodall — Lever

Sec.-Lt. Colin T. C. Woodall, R.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Woodall, of Fryleigh, Betchworth, Surrey, and Pamela Lever, youngest daughter of the late J. D. Lever, and Mrs. John Moon, of Highfield, Tiverton, Devon, and a cousin of Viscount Leverhulme, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane St.

Mott-Radclyffe — Gibbs

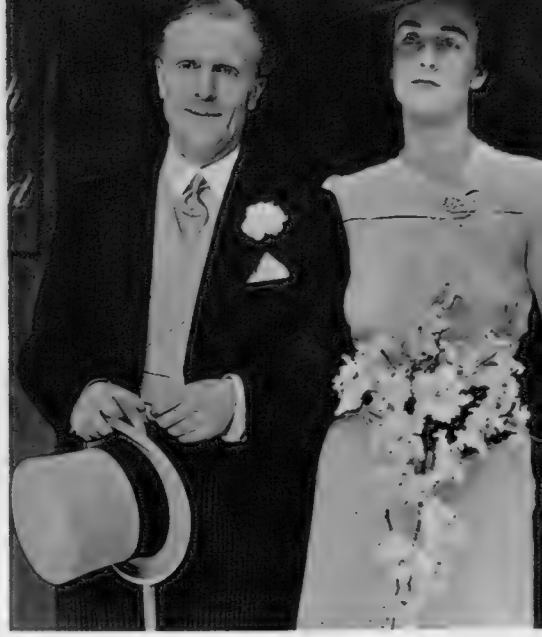
Lieut. Charles Mott-Radclyffe, the Rifle Brigade, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. C. E. Radclyffe, and Mrs. Mott-Radclyffe, of Little Park, Wickham, Hants., and Diana Gibbs, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. William Gibbs, of Severalls, Hatherop, Glos., were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Meade — Anderson

Lieutenant John Arthur Meade, Welsh Guards, only son of Major and Mrs. Harry Meade, of Farley Court, Berkshire, and Eve Anderson, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Francis Anderson, and Mrs. Anderson, of Ashridgewood, Wokingham, Berkshire, were married at All Saints', Wokingham

Seymour — Butler

Leopold Seymour, Grenadier Guards, and Sheila Butler were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. He is the son of Mr. Richard and Lady Victoria Seymour, of 17, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7, and nephew of the Duke of Grafton. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Butler, of Frays, Weston, Hitchin, Herts.



Hordern — Wingfield

Clifford Willoughby (Peter) Hordern, of 3, Halkin Place, S.W.1, and Jocelyn Wingfield, only daughter of Brig. the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Wingfield, of Ashby Pastures, Melton Mowbray, and niece of Viscount Powerscourt, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. Hordern's first wife was Lord Melchett's second sister, who died three years ago

Davy — Dick-Lauder

Capt. Ian A. G. Davy, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Major Alastair Davy, and Mrs. Davy, of Spean Lodge, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, and Patricia Mary Dick-Lauder, daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir John Dick-Lauder, Bt., and Lady Dick-Lauder, of Arabella House, Nigg, Ross-shire, were married at Tain

Brodrick — Gourlay

Capt. George S. Brodrick, Irish Guards, and Mhari Gourlay were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the son of the late G. J. Gould, and Viscountess Dunsford, of Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent. She is the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. F. Page Gourlay, of 54, Tedworth Square, S.W.3

Westmacott — McClean

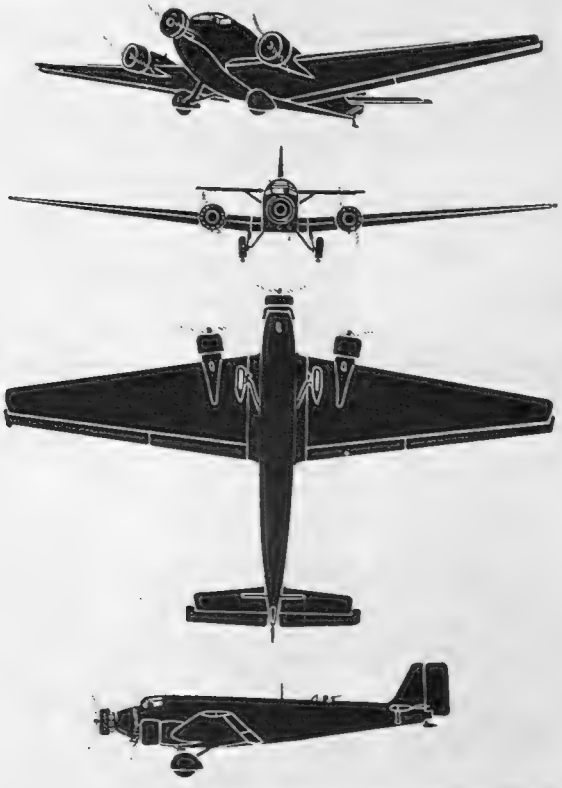
Sec.-Lt. Richard Victor Charles Westmacott, Grenadier Guards,' son of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Westmacott, of Rodmell, Lewes, Sussex, and nephew of Lord St. Oswald, and Frances Aileen McClean, daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley, were married at Nuffield Parish Church

Mellor — Niven

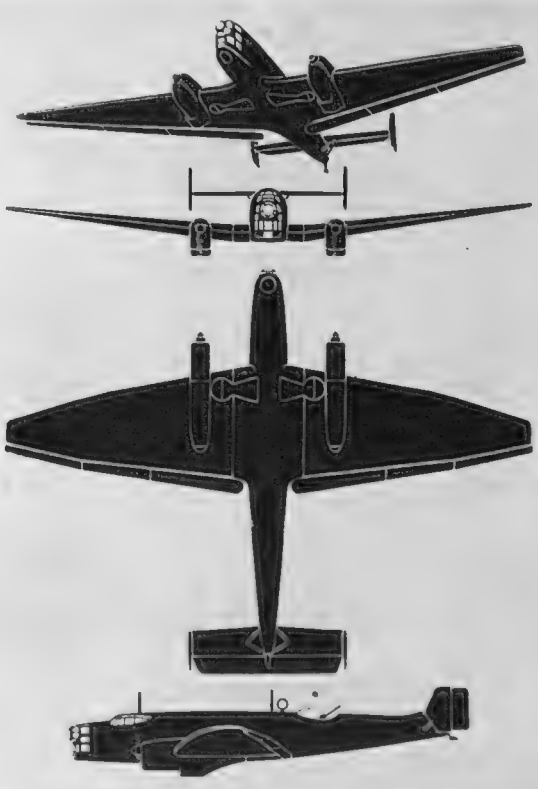
John Edward Mellor and Margaret Joyce Niven were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. He is the son of the late Salusbury Mellor, and Mrs. Alfred Westmacott, of Norcott, Bembridge, I.O.W. She is the daughter of the late W. G. Niven, and the late Lady Comyn-Platt, and sister of film-star David Niven

You Should Know . . . . . What the Aeroplanes Look Like That May Bring Parachutists

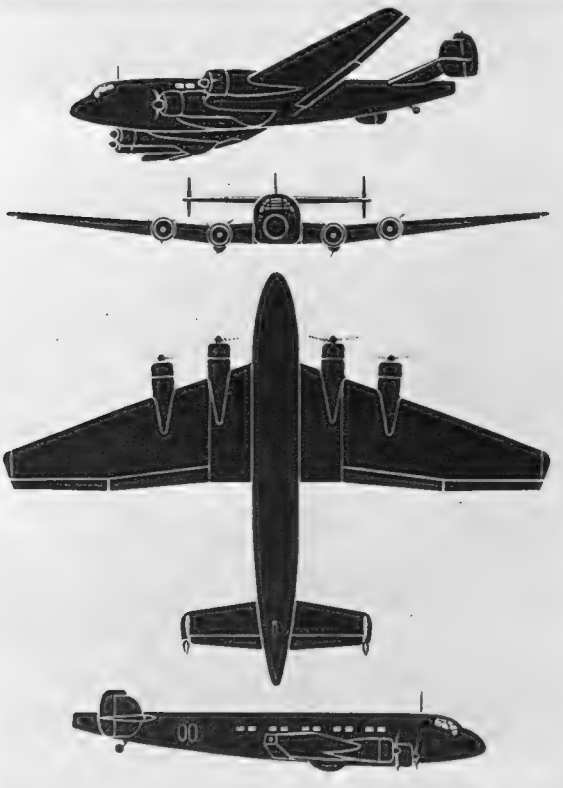
To Local Defence Volunteers and all citizens: the War Office has asked us to publish these pictures of German troop-carriers to help you distinguish the enemy. Take a piece of cardboard, stick the four diagrams on it, and hang it up where you can't help seeing it



"Ju. 52": this is the most important German troop-carrier and the one normally used for parachute-dropping. It has three engines (B.M.W.), low wing, single square-cut rudder, sharply tapered wings, square-cut wing-tips and tail-plane, fixed undercarriage. This Junkers' span is 96 ft., and its length is 62 ft.



"Ju. 86": distinctive features of the Junkers "Ju. 86" are its two engines (Jumo), low wing, two square-cut rudders, sharply tapered wings, square-cut wing-tips and tail-plane, retractable undercarriage. Its span (if you have a chance to measure it to the inch) is 73 ft. 8 in., its length 57 ft. 4 in.



"Ju. 90", third of the Junkers troop-carriers is a giant. If its 115-ft. span, 86-ft. length don't give it away, then look for its four B.M.W. engines, two rudders, retractable undercarriage, and its low, tapered wings, with a very pronounced "sweep-back" of the leading edge, and square-cut wing-tips and tail-plane

***Focke-Wulf 200 "Condor":** the "Condor" is another giant, spanning 108 ft., and 78 ft. in length. It too has four B.M.W. engines, retractable undercarriage, and low tapered wings, but it has a single rudder, rounded wing-tips and tail-plane, and a smooth, stream-lined fuselage*

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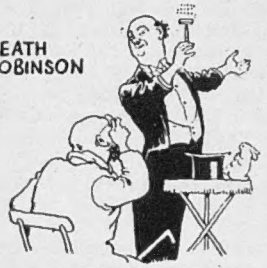

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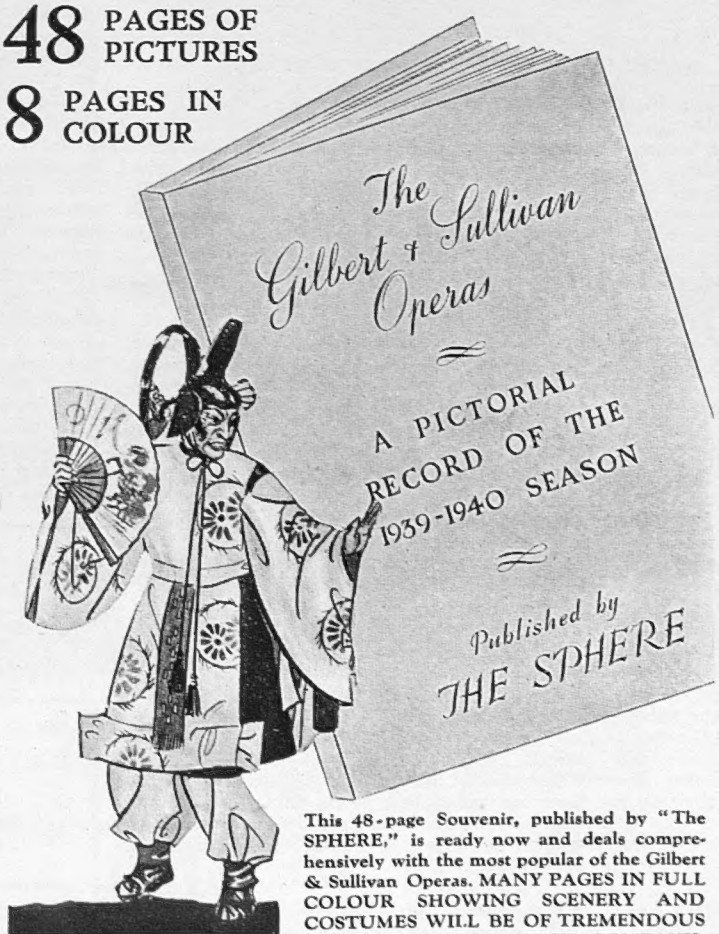

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Motoring Commentary

The Truth About Petrol: By "Spare Wheel"

At last we motorists know where we are about petrol. At last there is a clear statement from the Government of what use we may make of our rations as loyal citizens. From all sides there has been agitation, sometimes rising almost to clamour, against the alleged crime of "joy-riding in wartime," so that the timid and conscientious have felt ashamed to be seen driving to the golf course or using the car to do the shopping or going to see friends or going out for a breath of fresh air in these lovely evenings after a hard day's work.

Legally there has never been any check on the use we make of the basic ration, as I have tried more than once to make clear, but there has always been the doubt raised by the anti-motorist fuss-pots. Last week the question was put flatly to the Secretary for Petroleum in Parliament: Is joy-riding, going to the races, or "taking your best girl out" an abuse in the present circumstances? Mr. Lloyd replied that it is not an abuse to use the basic ration for purposes of reasonable recreation. The supplementary ration is different. It is an abuse—in fact, it is breaking the law—to use the supplementary ration for any purpose other than that for which it was allotted.

So there is no cause or just impediment why we should not use the car for going on holiday, saving up one month's ration and using the whole quarter's allowance in a fortnight if we think fit, provided we don't play tricks with any supplementary we may be lucky enough to get. And to calm our consciences further, Mr. Lloyd stated also last week that the country's petrol supplies are for the present "very satisfactory," and that there was no need to consider any general reduction of the allowances.

Why the chatterbugs should have made this dead set at petrol I have never been able to see, except as part of a general anti-motoring fixation. Petrol is just one of the rationed articles. There is no difference in this respect between it and, say, sugar. Both are mainly imported, both are essential to the Forces as well as to the civil population, both are rationed in civil use. We can do what we like with our ordinary sugar ration, but if we draw a supplementary ration for jam-making or preserving, we may not use it for cakes or confectionery.

I am wrong; there is one difference. Everybody is a sugar user or entitled to a sugar ration. Only those are entitled to draw petrol who own and run a car, which means paying an extremely heavy additional and special tax to the national revenue, over and above the tax indirectly paid in the price of petrol. Logically, petrol-consumers should be entitled to a little extra consideration—but then, we never were great on logic.

Whatever our feelings about Musso, the Second Murderer, few Englishmen can have any feeling but regret that we are at war with the people of Italy, and least of all those who have known that pleasant land from a car. It will not break my heart if I never set wheel in Germany again, but I should be sorry to think that I could only have memories of Italy and no prospect of adding to them. France, of course, must always come first in affection, as it does in geography, with the Englishman abroad, but Italy surely comes, or came, second.

Italy is the one country which belies the saying that it is better to journey than to arrive. When last I went that way I promised my travelling companion a trio of lakes each more beautiful than the last, and in fact, the whole short tour, from the moment we entered Italy on the north-west to our exit on the north-east, was a crescendo of delights.

Almost all the ways into Italy for the motorist from the north are dramatic and adventurous, Hannibal crossing the Alps. Perhaps the most impressive gate is the Gorge of Gondo on the descent of the Simplon, and it has the advantage of conducting you straight away to Maggiore, the blond beauty, with Stresa its chief pride and joy. Only forty miles away is Como, narrow, high-sided and by comparison dark and romantic, whence it is only an afternoon's journey, with a stretch of autostrada to add to the architecture, to Garda.

Garda, sub-tropical at its southern end and Alpine at the northern, is to my mind the most beautiful of the lot, and going north to Riva the road is one of the finest waterside roads in the world, the Gardesana, a way of tunnels and galleries and precipice edges. North of Riva are Trent and Bozen and the Dolomites, with the Stelvio and its seventy hairpins to bring you out into Switzerland. When I was there the people were friendly, in spite of sanctions. We used to be their best friends.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

First Things

On first thoughts, a few hours after hearing the news of France's capitulation does not seem the best moment to sit down to write a golf article. On second thoughts, none could be better. The momentarily stunned sensation has already given place to that particular brand of determination which the doggerel of the last war translated into: "Gristle up and grit your teeth and keep on keeping on." Of course, it is a case of all we have and are, but it seems sometimes as if the golfers had a special stake in this old England of ours, and a very special debt to pay. I 'm not thinking of the large slices of best British soil which many of us cut quite unintentionally in our apprenticeship, but rather of long days spent by us in the lovely quiet scenery all over the United Kingdom. Some of those days were taken up with motoring to those scattered venues; and then, what sheer joy it was to know those special and particular side lanes off the Great North Road or Watling Street or Salisbury Plain, where lunch en route could be a quarter of an hour of peace, when you lay back in the sun or the shade, and watched cloud shadows chasing over the fields, the plough turning over the brown earth, and heard the sheep-bells and the birds. At the end of the day's run, maybe you were under the rampart of the Wolds above Ganton, or had seen the sun setting behind the hills of Arran, lighting a path to Lundy from the Pebble Ridge of Westward Ho!, or irradiating Bristol Channel waters west of Burnham.

Golfers may not have appeared to heed such things very much—though there was once a Bystander couple whose reiterated remarks at Turnberry were known as the Arran symphony, and whilst others laughed outwardly, inwardly the appreciation was shared. The chat may have sounded as if it were only concerned with whether anybody was justified in going for the green with their second at the eleventh if it were Ganton; whether Arran or Ailsa was the finer course, if it was Turnberry; wherein lay the exact charm and difficulty of the first two holes at Westward Ho!; which wind was the most distracting at Burnham. But underlying it all, perhaps almost undiscovered, was that love of British soil and the quiet, humble life of it. We had such a heritage, we golfers, acres of open space. Many of us must think of it now, as we go on our several ways, and reflect thankfully that at least our recollections are ours, and can never be taken away.

"The Show must go on" is a grand motto in its real place, but not when "the show" amuses only ourselves. There is no getting away from it. Open meetings, championships, lessons, the whole expensive paraphernalia of becoming and remaining a tip-top golfer has too often been accepted as a sufficient aim for a woman's life at an age when, childish things left behind, she might have been expected to have some wider idea of her duties as a British subject. Golf has many folk in its debt, for what it has given them in friends, in travel, and in health, but there is a time and a place for everything.

Whether, for example, the scratch, silver and bronze winners of the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund competitions at Royal Mid-Surrey and Birkdale can or should be collected during July, on a neutral course which was the first idea, is more than doubtful, but there is one supreme justification for such a proceeding. Miss Betty Debenham, seeing no money in the Fund by that means, had the brilliant notion of asking the very best showmen of the men's professionals to come too, and give their services, so that the gate money might swell the Fund with a leap and a bound. With ready generosity, Henry Cotton accepted the suggestion, and so he and Miss Maureen Ruttle will play an exhibition game in the afternoon against Miss Joan Pemberton and possibly Richard Burton. What could be better? A wonderful golfing experience, too, for these young golfers, which may stand them in good stead some day, when the war is won, and we can play golf again. We shall all be very poor, our courses may be rough, our clubs few, but we shall have earned some recreation, and "there 'll always be an England." It 's not only in *Garrison Theatre* that we know that.

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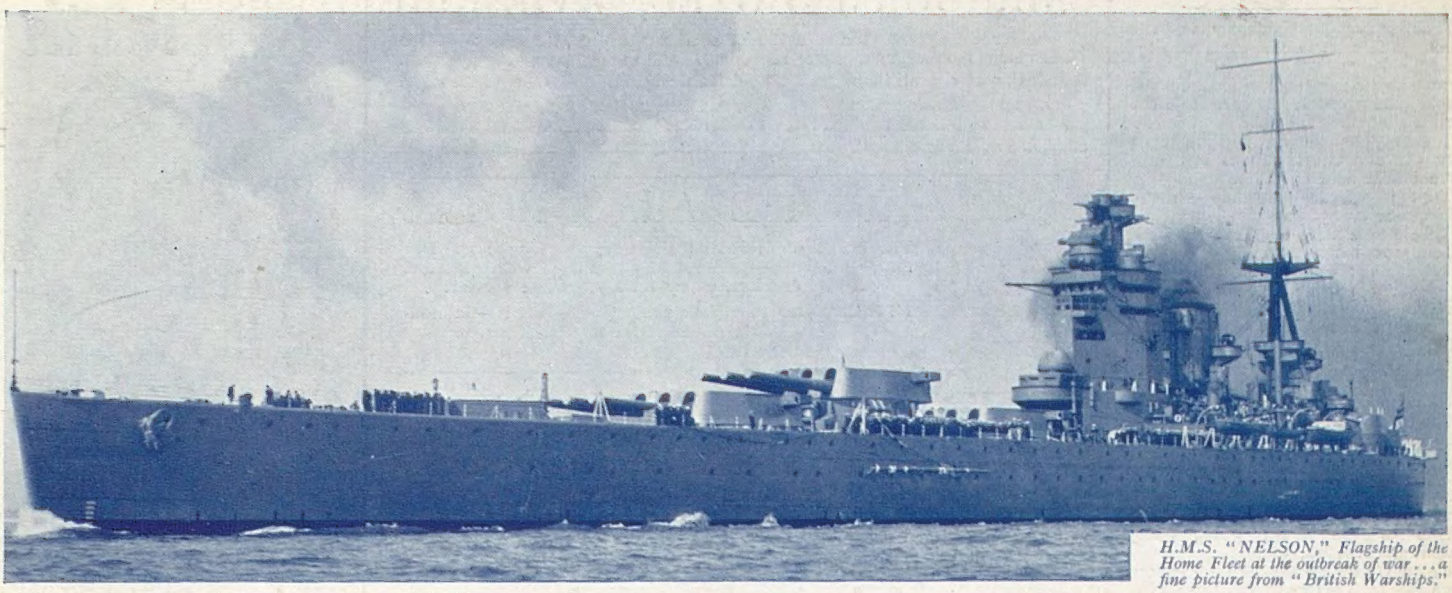

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